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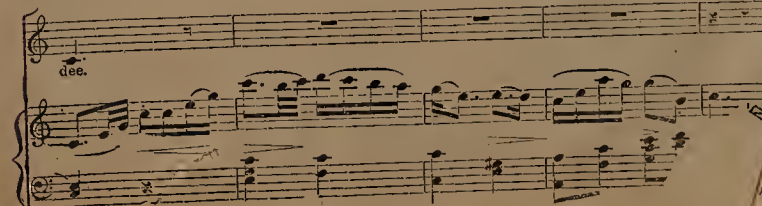
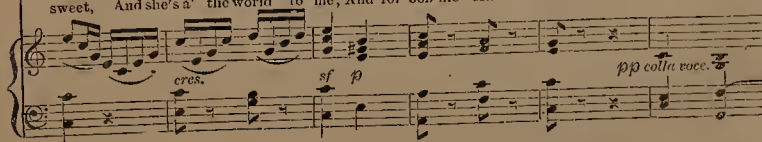
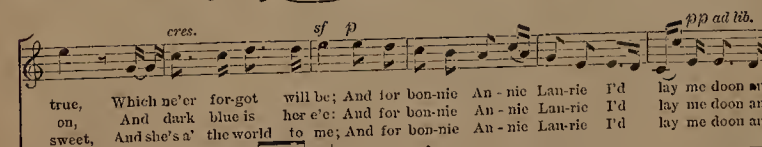
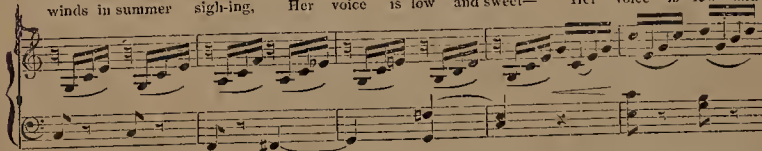
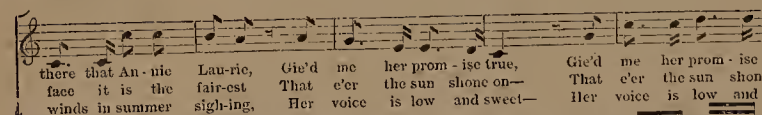
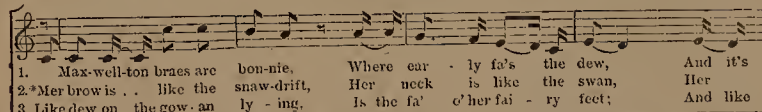
Contents.

Alice Where Art Thou.
 Bonnie Banks of Loch Lomond.
 Bonnie Sweet Bessie.
 Annie Laurie.
 Auld Lang Syne.
 Bonnie Dundee.
 Blue Bells of Scotland.
 Ben Bolt.
 Bonnie Laddie.
 Believe me if all Those Endearing Young Charms.
 Beautiful Isle of Somewhere
 Ceamin' Thro' the Rye.
 Campbells are Comin'.
 Come Back to Erin.
 Darling Nellie Gray.
 Dixie Land.
 Flow Gently, Sweet Afton.
 Gently, Lord, Oh Gently Lead Us.
 God Save the King.
 Good-night, Laddie.
 Harp that Once Thro' Tara's Hall.
 Highland Laddie.
 Home, Sweet Home.
 Huntington Tower, duet.
 I'm Wearing Awa', Jean.
 Jeck o' Hazeldean.
 Juanita.
 Killarney.
 Last Rose of Summer.
 Land o' the Leal.
 Marching Thro' Georgia.
 Massa's in the Cold Ground.
 Maple Leaf Forever.
 My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean.
 Old Folks at Home.
 Old Oaken Bucket.
 Old Black Joe.
 O Canada.
 Robin Adair.
 Red, White and Blue.
 Scots Wha Hae.
 Silver Threads Among the Gold.
 Soldier's Farewell.
 Stars of the Summer Night.
 Star of the East.
 Sweet and Low.
 Then You'll Remember Me.
 Tramp, Tramp.
 When the Kye Come Home.
 When You and I Were Young, Maggie.
 Within a Mile o' Edinburgh Town.
 When You Gang Awa', Jamie.
 Ye Banks and Braes.

The two most popular pieces of music we have are "American Patrol"
 and "Loves Golden Star." Price 10c. Each.

ANNIE LAURIE.

ANONYMOUS.
Andante moderato.



ALICE.

ROMANCE.

J. ASCHER.

1. The birds sleep - ing gent - ly, Sweet Ly-ra gleameth bright; Her
 2. sil - ver rain fall - ing, Just as it fall - eth now; And

rit.

rays tinge the for - est, And all seems glad to - night, The winds sigh - ing
 all things slept gent - ly! Ah! A - lice where art thou! I've sought thee by

by me, Cool - ing my fever'd brow; The stream flows as ev - er, Yet
 take - let, I've sought thee on the hill, And in the pleasant wild - wood, When

A - lice where art thou! One year back this e - ven, And thou wert by my
 winds blew cold and chill; I've sought thee in for - est, I'm look - ing heav'nward

side;
now;

And thou wert by my side;
I'm look - ing heav'nward now;

Vow - ing there 'mid to love me, One year past this
Oh! the star-shine, I've sought thee in

p

e - ven, And thou wert by my side, Vow - ing to love me, A - lice,
for - est, I'm look - ing heav'nward now, Oh! there a - mid the starshine,

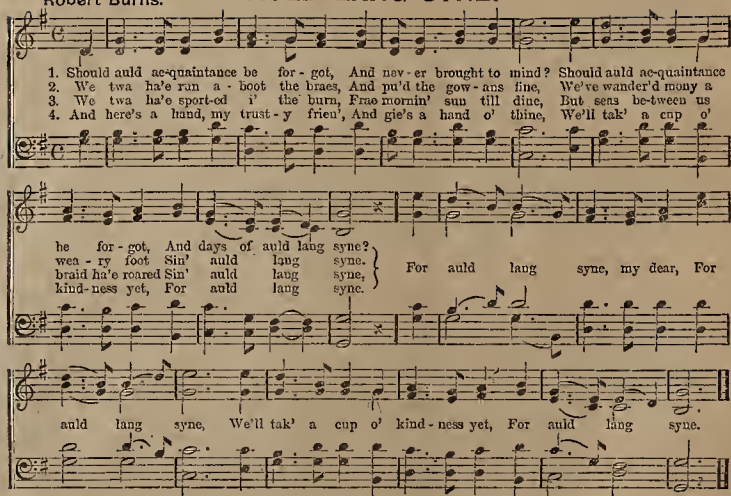
ff *p*

what - e'er might be - tide.
A - lice, I know art thou

rit. *pour finir.*

Robert Burns.

AULD LANG SYNE.



1. Should auld acquaintance be for - got, And may-er brought to mind? Should auld acquaintance
2. We twa ha'e run a - boot the laces, And pu'd the gow-ans fine, We've wander'd mony a
3. We twa ha'e sport-ed i' the burn, Frae mornin' sun till dine, But sene be-tween us
4. And here's a hand, my trust-y frien', And gie's a hand o' thine, We'll tak' a cup o'

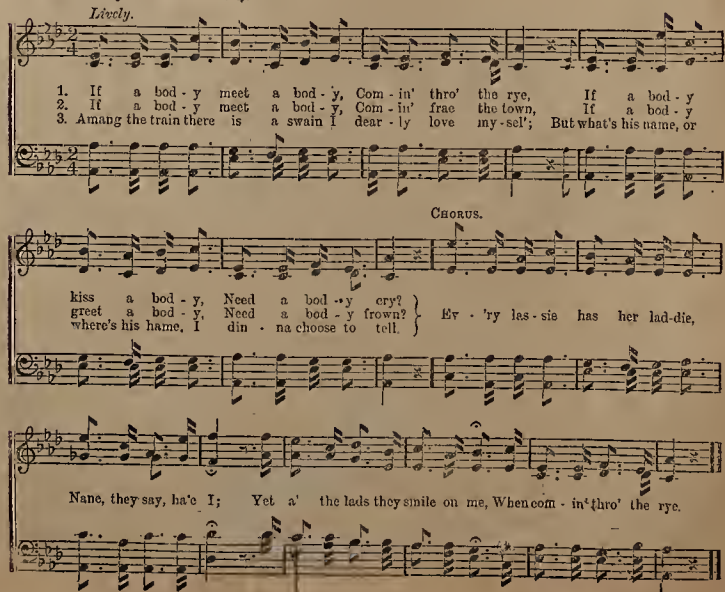
he for - got, And days of auld lang syne?
wen - ry foot Sin' auld lang syne.
braid ha'e reared Sin' auld lang syne, For auld lang syne, my dear, For
kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne.

auld lang syne, We'll tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne.

COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.

Words by Robert Burns.

Lively.



1. If a bod-y meet a bod-y, Com-in' thro' the rye, If a bod-y
2. If a bod-y meet a bod-y, Com-in' frae the town, If a bod-y
3. Among the train there is a swain I dear-ly love my-sel'; But what's his name, or

CHORUS.

kiss a bod-y, Need a bod-y cry?
greet a bod-y, Need a bod-y frown? Ev-'ry las-sie has her lad-die,
where's his hame, I din-na choose to tell.

Nane, they say, ha'e I; Yet a' the lads they smile on me, When com-in' thro' the rye.

THE BONNIE BANKS O' LOCH LOMON:

Rather slow with expression.

1. By yon bon-nie banks and by yon hin-nie hraes Where the
 2. 'Twas there that we part-ed in yon sha-dy glen, On the
 3. The wee bird-ies sing, and the wild flow-ers spring, An' in

sun shines bright on Loch Lo-mon, Where I and my true love were
 sleep, steep side o' Ben Lo-mon, Where in sper-ple hue the
 sun-shine the wa-ters are sleep-in', But the bro-ken heart it

ev-er want to gae, On the bon-nie, bon-nie banks of Loch Lo-mon.
 he-land hills we view An' the moon com'in' oot in the gloom-in'.
 ken's nae sec-ond spring, Tho' the wae-fu' may cease frue their greet-in'.

SOPR. Chorus.

ALTO. *mp* O ye all tak' the high road, and I'll tak' the low road, An' I'll be in Scot-land a-

TYN. *mp*

BASS.

a tempo
 fore ye; But I and my true love will never meet a-gain, On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch

Lo-mon.

BONNIE DUNDEE.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Allegretto.

1. To the Lords of Con-ven-tion 'twas
2. Dun - dee he is mounted, he
3. There are hills beyond Pengland, and
4. Then a - wa' to the hills, to the

Claverhouse spoke: Ere the King's crown go dow' there are crowns to be broke, Then each cav - a - lier who loves
rides up the street, The bells they ring backward, the drums they are beat, But the provost (douce man) said, "Just
lands beyond Forth, Be there lords in the south, there are chiefs in the north; There are brave Duinnewassels three
lea, to the rocks, Ere I own a u - sur - per I'll crouch with the fox; And tremble, false whigs, in the

honour and me, Let him follow the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee. Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can, Come
c'en let it be, For the town is weel rid o' that de'il o' Dundee." Come, etc.
thousand times three, Will cry, "Hey for the bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee." Come, etc.
midst o' your glee, Ye hae no seen the last o' my bonnets and me, Come, etc.

sad - dle my hors - es, and call out my men; Un-hook the west port, and let us gae free, For 'tis

up wi' the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee.

BONNIE SWEET BESSIE, THE MAID O' DUNDEE.

A high-land laddie there liv'd o'er the way, A laddie both noble and
2. Ere years or e - ven months had fled, This laddie and lassie were

gal-lant and gay, Who lov'd a lassie as no-ble as he. A
hap-pi - ly wed: Nae bet-ter wifey e'er liv'd on the lea, Than

bonnie sweet lassie, the maid o' Dundee, This lassie had lands, but the
bonnie sweet Bessie, the maid o' Dundee; A hap-pi - er hame nae

laddie had nane, And yet to her it was all the same. For dearly she lov'd him, and
mon e-ver had, Than this which held twa hearts sae glad, And ne'er did Bessie have

said she knew This laddie, dear laddie was gude and true.
cause to rue, Her, wedding this laddie sae gude and true.

THE BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND.

ANONYMOUS.
Andante moderato.

PIANO.
dolce.

1. Oh! where, tell me where is your High-land lad - die gone? Oh! where, tell me where is your
2. Oh! where, tell me where did your High-land lad - die dwell? Oh! where, tell me where did your
3. Oh! what, tell me what does your High-land lad - die wear? Oh! what, tell me what does your
4. Oh! what, tell me what if your High-land lad be slain? Oh! what, tell me what if your

p

High-land lad - die gone? He's gone with streaming banners where no - ble deeds are done, And it's
High-land lad - die dwell? He dwelt in bonnie Scotland, where blooms the sweet blue bell, And it's
High-land lad - die wear? A bon-net with a lof-ty plume, and on his breasta plaid, And it's
High-land lad be slain? Oh, no! true love will be his guard and bring him safe a-gain, For it's

cres.

oh, in my heart I wish him safe at home. He's gone with streaming banners where noble deeds are done, And it's
oh! in my heart I lo'e my Highland lad, A bonnet with a lofty plume, and on his breast a plaid, And it's
oh! my heart would break if my Highland lad were slain, Oh, no! true love will be his guard and bring him safe again, For it's

p *cres.*

oh, in my heart I wish him safe at home.
oh! in my heart I lo'e my lad-die well.
oh! in my heart I lo'e my Highland lad.
oh! my heart would break if my Highland lad were slain.

mf *dim.* *p dolce.*

BEN BOLT.

Words by Thomas Dunn English, '39.

Music by Nelson Kneass.

Semplice.

1. Oh I don't you re-mem-ber sweet Al-ice, Ben Bolt, Sweet Al-ice, whose hair was so
2. Un-der the hick-o-ry tree, Ben Bolt, Which stood at the foot of the
3. And don't you re-mem-ber the school, Ben Bolt, With the mas-ter so kind and so

brown, Who wept with de-light when you gave her a smile, And
hill, To-gether we've lain in the noon-day shade, And
true, And the sha-ded nook by the run-ning brook, Where the

trem-bled with fear at your frown? In the old church-yard, in the val-ley, Ben Bolt, In a
lis-tened to Ap-ple-ton's mill. The mill-wheel has fall-en to pieces, Ben Bolt, The
fair-est wild-flow-ers grew? Grass grows on the mas-ter's grave, Ben Bolt, The

cot-ner ob-scure and a-lone, They have fit-ted a slab of the
raft-ers have tum-bled in, And a qui-et that crawls round the
spring of the brook is a dry, And of all the boys who were

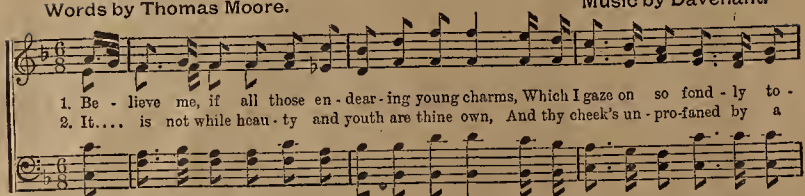
gran-ite so gray, And sweet Al-ice lies un-der the stone, They have
walls as you gaze, Has fol-lowed the old-en dia, And
school-mates then, There are on-ly you . . . and I, And of

ad lib.
fit-ted a slab of the gran-ite so gray, And sweet Al-ice lies un-der the stone.
qui-et that crawls round the walls as you gaze, Has fol-lowed the old-en dia.
all . . . the boys who were school-mates then, There are on-ly you . . . and I.

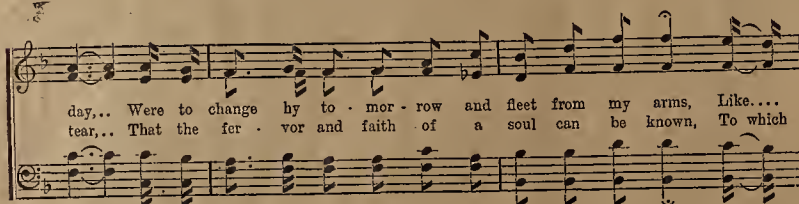
BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS.

Words by Thomas Moore.

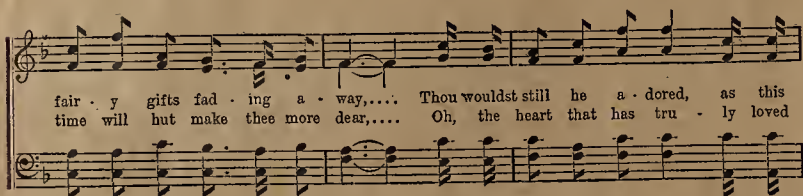
Music by Davenant.



1. Be - lieve me, if all those en - dear - ing young charms, Which I gaze on so fond - ly to -
2. It... is not while beau - ty and youth are thine own, And thy cheek's un - pro - faned by a



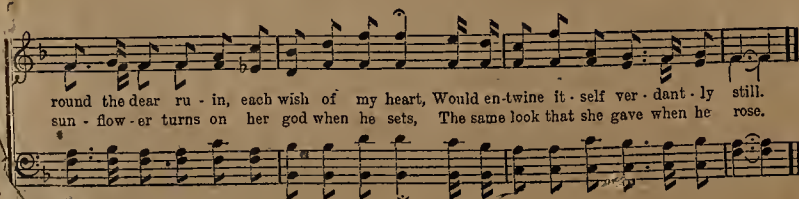
day... Were to change by to - mor - row and fleet from my arms, Like...
tear... That the fer - vor and faith of a soul can be known, To which



fair - y gifts fad - ing a - way.... Thou wouldst still be a - dored, as this
time will but make thee more dear.... Oh, the heart that has tru - ly loved



mo - ment thou art, Let thy love - li - ness fade as it will... And a -
nev - er for - gets, But as tru - ly loves on to the close... As the



round the dear ru - in, each wish of my heart, Would en - twine it - self ver - dant - ly still.
sun - flow - er turns on her god when he sets, The same look that she gave when he rose.

Beautiful Isle of Somewhere.

WORDS BY

Mrs. JESSIE BROWN POUNDS.

MUSIC BY

J. S. FEARIS.

1. Some-where the sun is shin - ing, Some-where the song - birds dwell;
 2. Some-where the day is long - er, Some-where the task is done;
 3. Some-where the load is lift - ed, Close by au - o - pen gate;

Hush, then, thy sad re - pin - ing; God lives, and all is well.
 Some-where the heart is strong - er, Some-where the guer - don wou -
 Some-where the clouds are rift - ed, Some-where the au - gels wait.

REFRAIN.

Some - where, Some - where, Beau - ti - ful Isle of Some - where!

Land of the true, where we live a - new - Beau - ti - ful Isle of Some-where!

BONNIE LADDIE, HIGHLAND LADDIE

CHARLES WALKER.

Allegretto.

PIANO. *f* *dim.*

1. Where ha'e ye been a' the day, Bon-nie lad - die, High-land lad - die? Saw ye him that's
 2. When he drew his gude bradsword, Bon-nie lad - die, High-land lad - die, Then he gave his
 3. Wea - ry fa the Law-land loon, Bon-nie lad - die, High-land lad - die, Wha took frae him the

p

far a - way, Bon-nie lad - die, High-land lad - die? On his head a ben - net blue,
 roy - al word, Bon-nie lad - die, High-land lad - die, That frae the field he ue'er would flee,
 Brit - ish crown, Bon-nie lad - die, High-land lad - die; But blessings on the kilt - ed Clans,

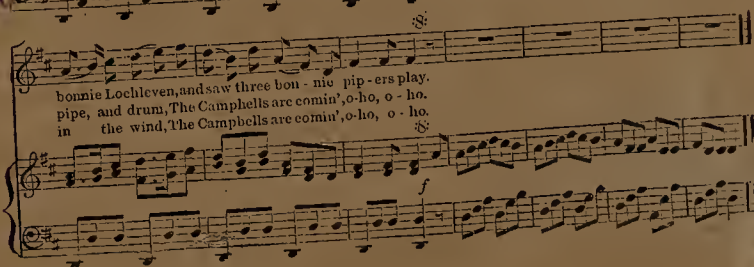
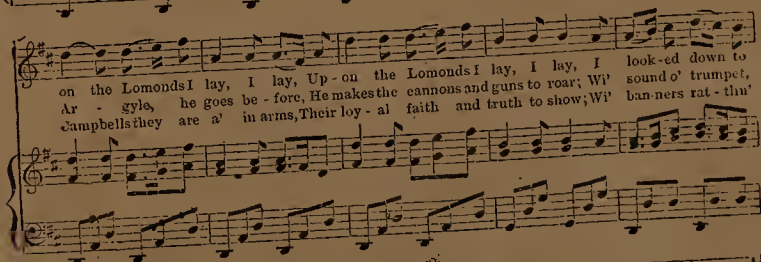
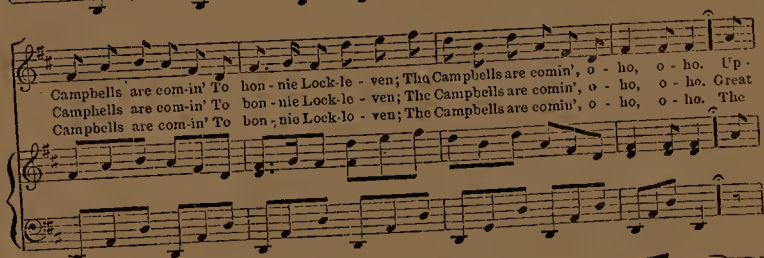
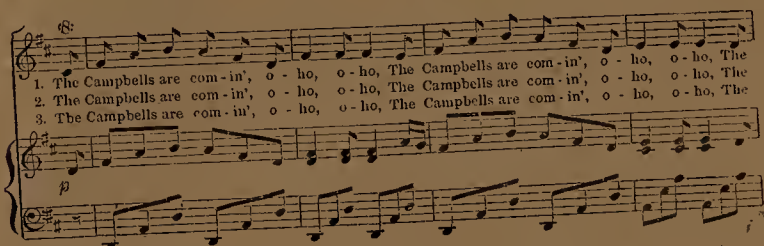
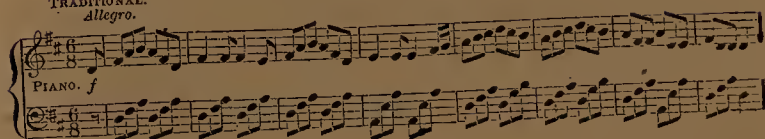
Bon - nie lad - die, Highland lad - die; Tar - tan plaid and High-land trew, Bon-nie lad - die,
 Bon - nie lad - die, Highland lad - die; But wi' his friends would live or - dee, Bon-nie lad - die,
 Bon - nie lad - die, Highland lad - die, that fought for him at Pres - ton - pans, Bon-nie lad - die,

High-land lad - die!

f *dim.*

THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMIN'.

TRADITIONAL.
Allegro.



COME BACK TO ERIN.

(CLARIBEL).

Moderato.

mp

1. Come back to E - rin, Ma-vour-neen, Ma-vour-neen, Come back, A - roon, to the
2. O - ver the green sea, Ma-vour-neen, Ma-vour-neen, Long shono the white sail that
3. Oh, may the an - gels o' wak - in' and sleep - in' Watch o'er my bird in the

land of thy birth... Come with the sham - rocks and spring-time, Ma - vour - neen,
bore thee a - way.... Rid - ing the white waves that fair sum - mer morn - in',
land far a - way.... And it's my pray'rs will con - sign to their keep - in'.

And it's Kil-lar - ney shall ring with our mirth. Sure, when we lent ye to beau - ti - ful Eng-land,
Just like a May-flow'r a - float on the bay. Oh, but my heart sank when clouds came between us,
Care of my jew - el by night and by day. When by the fire - side I watch the bright em-bers,

Lit - tle we thought of the lone win - ter dāys, Lit - tle we thought of the
like a gray cur - tain, the rain fall - ing down, Hid from my sad eyes the
Then all my heart flies to Eng - land and thee, Crav - in' to know if my

hush of the star - shine O - ver the moun - tain, the bluffs and the hrays! Then
path o'er the o - cean, Far, far a - way, where my Col - leen had flown, Then
dar lin' re - mem - bers, Or if her thoughts may be cross - in' to me. Then

come back to E - rin, Ma-vour-neen, Ma-vour-neen, Come back a - gain to the land of thy birth,

molto cresc.

Come back to E - rin, Ma-vour-neen, Ma-vour-neen, And its Kil-lar - ney shall ring with our mirth.

DIXIE'S LAND.

Dan. Emmet.

p Allegro.

1. I wish I was in de land ob cot-ton, Old times dar am not for-got-ten,
2. Old Mis-sus mar-ry "Will-de-wea-ber," Will-um was a gay de-ceab-er;
3. His face was sharp as a butch-er's clea-ber, But dat did not seem to greab'er;

f Look a-way, Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land. In Dix-ie Land whar I was born in,
Look a-way, Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land. But when he put bis arm a-round'er, He
Look a-way, Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land. Old Mis-sus act-ed the fool-ish part, And

f Ear-ly on one fros-ty morn-in, Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land.
smiled as fierce as a for-ty pounder, Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land.
died for a man dat broke ber beart, Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land.

CHORUS

Den I wish I was in Dix-ie, Hoo-ray! Hoo-ray! In Dix-ie Land, I'll

took my stand To lib and die in Dix-ie, A-way, A-way, A-

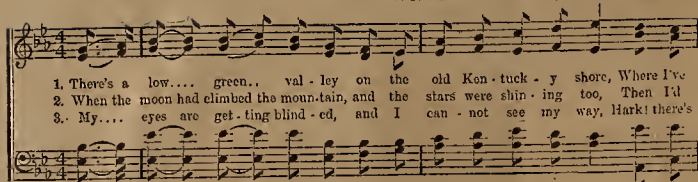
way down south in Dix-ie, A-way, A-way, A-way down south in Dix-ie

4 Now here's a health to the next old Missus,
And all de gals dat want to kiss us;
Look away! etc.,
But if you want to drive 'way sorrow,
Come and bear dis song to-morrow,
Look away! etc.,

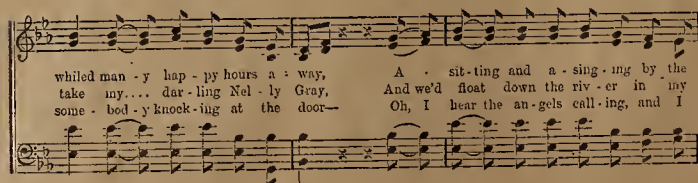
5 Dar's buck-wheat cakes an' Ingen' batter,
Makes you fat or a little fatter;
Look away! etc.,
Den hoe it down an scratch your grabble,
To Dixie's land I'm bound to grabble,
Look away! etc.,

DARLING NELLY GRAY.

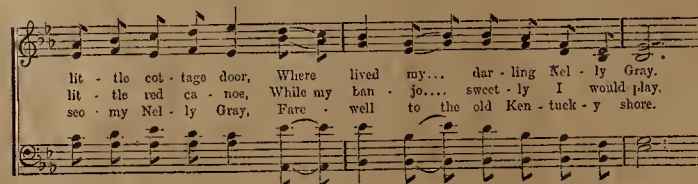
Words and music by B. R. Hanby.



1. There's a low... green... val-ley on the old Ken-tuck-y shore, Where I've
 2. When the moon had climbed the moun-tain, and the stars were shin-ing too, Then I'd
 3. My.... eyes are get-ting blind-ed, and I can-not see my way, Hark! there's

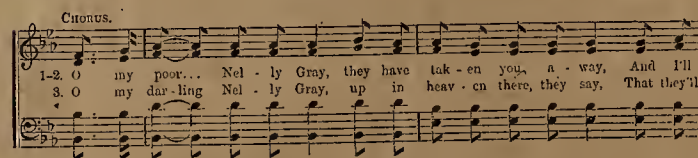


whiled man-y hap-py hours a-way, A-sit-ting and a-sing-ing by the
 take any... dar-ling Nel-ly Gray, And we'd float down the riv-er in my
 some-bod-y knock-ing at the door-- Oh, I hear the an-gels call-ing, and I

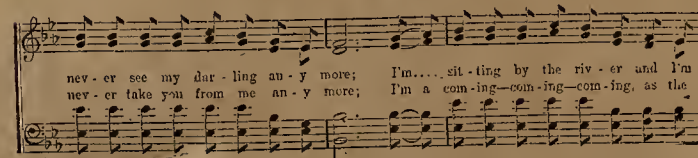


lit-tle cot-tage door, Where lived my... dar-ling Nel-ly Gray,
 lit-tle red ca-noe, While my tan-jo... sweet-ly I would play,
 see my Nel-ly Gray, Fare-well to the old Ken-tuck-y shore.

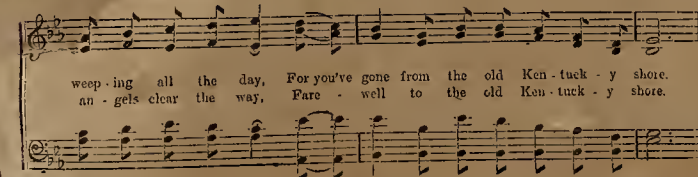
Chorus.



1-2. O my poor... Nel-ly Gray, they have tak-en you, a-way, And I'll
 3. O my dar-ling Nel-ly Gray, up in heav-en there, they say, That they'll



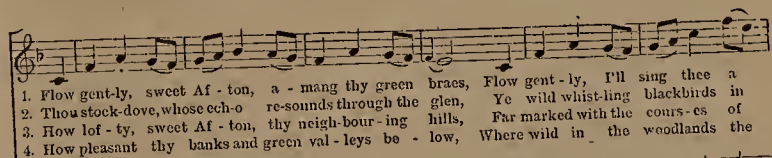
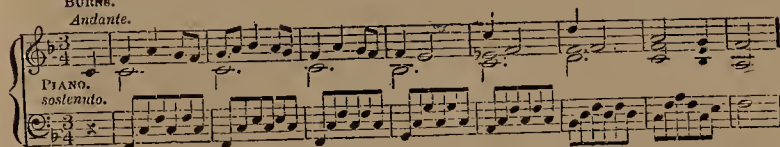
nev-er see my dar-ling an-y more; I'm... sit-ting by the riv-er and I'm
 nev-er take you from me an-y more; I'm a com-ing-com-ing-com-ing, as the



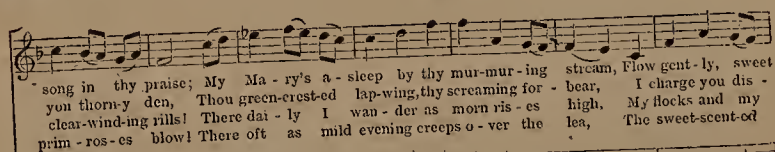
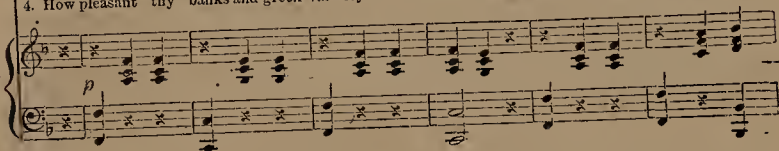
weep-ing all the day, For you've gone from the old Ken-tuck-y shore.
 an-gels clear the way, Fare-well to the old Ken-tuck-y shore.

FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON.

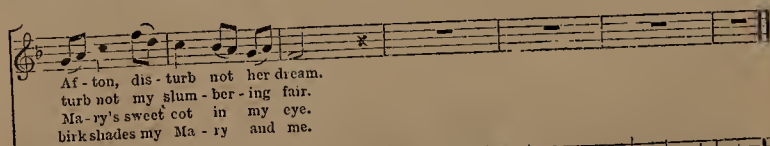
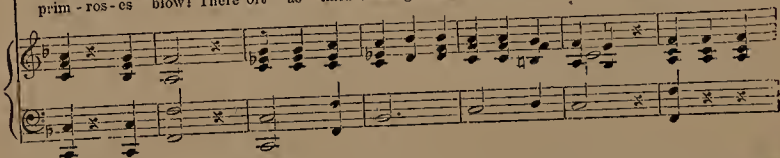
BURNS.
Andante.



1. Flow gently, sweet Af-ton, a-mang thy green bras, Flow gently, I'll sing thee a
2. Thou stock-dove, whose ech-o re-sounds through the glen, Ye wild whist-ling blackbirds in
3. How lof-ty, sweet Af-ton, thy neigh-bour-ing hills, Far marked with the cours-es of
4. How pleasant thy banks and green val-leys be-low, Where wild in the woodlands the



song in thy praise; My Ma-ry's a-sleep by thy mur-mur-ing stream, Flow gently, sweet
 yon thorn-y den, Thou green-crest-ed lap-wing, thy screaming for-bear, I charge you dis-
 clear-wind-ing rills! There dai-ly I wan-der as morn ris-es high, My flocks and my
 prim-ros-es blow! There oft as mild evening creeps o-ver the lea, The sweet-scent-ed



Af-ton, dis-turb not her dream.
 turb not my slum-ber-ing fair.
 Ma-ry's sweet cot in my eye.
 birk shades my Ma-ry and me.



5 Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides
 And winds by the cot where my Mary resides!
 How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave
 As gath'ring sweet flow'rets she stems thy clear wave.

6 Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green bras,
 Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays.
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Gently, Lord, O, Gently Lead Us.

by W. T. PORTER.

Andante Largo.

Gent - ly, Lord, O, gent - ly lead us Through this vale of tears;
In the hour of pain and an - guish, When death draws near,

ad lib.

Thro' the chan - ges thou'st de - creed us, Till the last great change ap - pears
Suf - fer not our hearts to lan - guish, - Nor our souls to fear.

Con precisione.

ad lib.

When tempta - tions darts as - sail us, When in de - vious paths we stray,
Then when mor - tal life is end - ed, Let us be a - mong the blest,

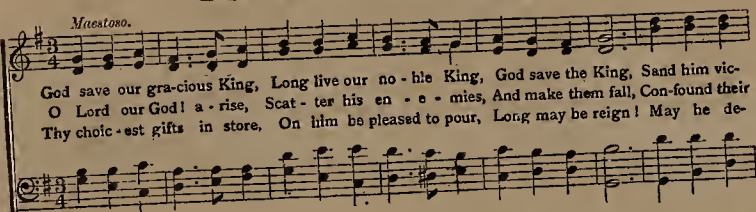
a tempo.

molto espressivo.

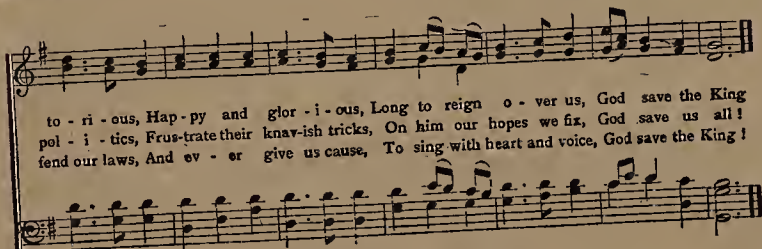
Let thy goodness nev - er fail us, Show us thy way
And by an - gel bands at - tend - ed, There we shall rest.

God Save the King.

Moderato.



God save our gra-cious King, Long live our no - ble King, God save the King, Sand him vic-
O Lord our God! a - rise, Scat - ter his en - e - mies, And make them fall, Con-found their
Thy choic - est gifts in store, On him be pleased to pour, Long may he reign! May he de-

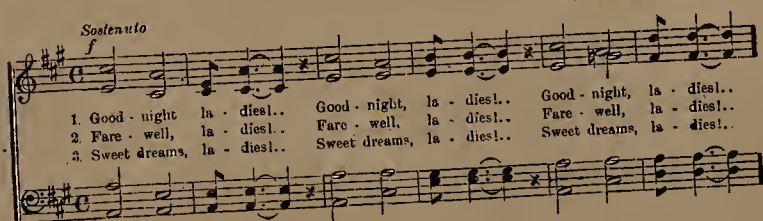


to - ri - ous, Hap - py and glor - i - ous, Long to reign o - ver us, God save the King
pol - i - tics, Frus-trate their knav-ish tricks, On him our hopes we fix, God save us all!
fend our laws, And ev - er give us cause, To sing with heart and voice, God save the King!

GOOD-NIGHT, LADIES!

Arr. by GEORGE ROSEY.

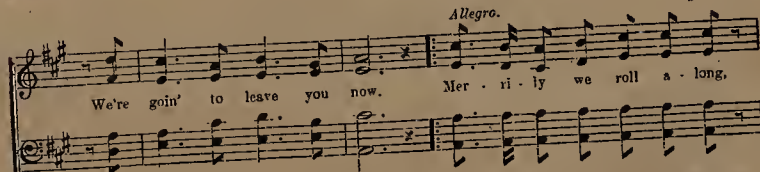
Sostenuto



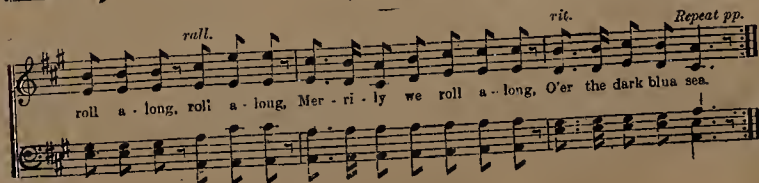
f

1. Good - night	la - dies!..	Good - night,	la - dies!..	Good - night,	la - dies!..
2. Fare - well,	la - dies!..	Fare - well,	la - dies!..	Fare - well,	la - dies!..
3. Sweet dreams,	la - dies!..	Sweet dreams,	la - dies!..	Sweet dreams,	la - dies!..

Allegro.



We're goin' to leave you now. Mer - ri - ly we roll a - long.



rall. *rit.* *Repeat pp.*
roll a - long, roll a - long, Mer - ri - ly we roll a - long, O'er the dark blue sea.

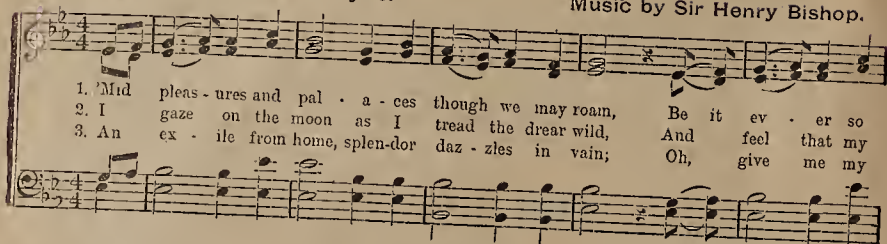
I couldna help mysel', lassie,
I couldna help mysel', lassie.

Saint Johnstoun's bower, and Huntingtower,
And a' that's mine is thine, lassie.

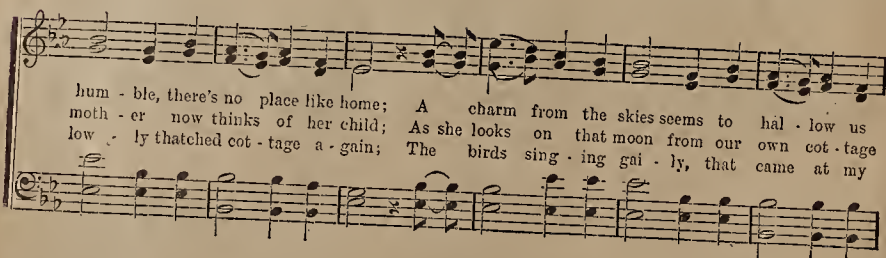
HOME, SWEET HOME.

Words by John Howard Payne.

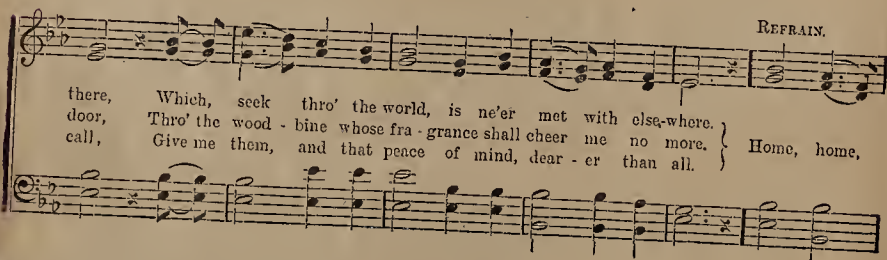
Music by Sir Henry Bishop.



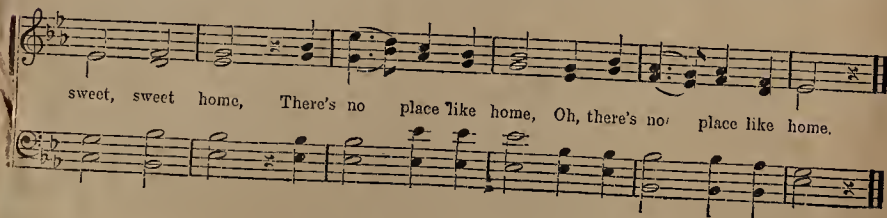
1. 'Mid pleas - ures and pal - a - ces though we may roam, Be it ev - er so
 2. I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild, And feel that my
 3. An ex - ile from home, splen - dor daz - zles in vain; Oh, give me my



hum - ble, there's no place like home; A charm from the skies seems to hál - low us
 moth - er now thinks of her child; As she looks on that moon from our own cot - tage
 low - ly thatched cot - tage a - gain; The birds sing - ing gai - ly, that came at my



there, Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with else-where.
 door, Thro' the wood - bine whose fra - grance shall cheer me no more.
 call, Give me them, and that peace of mind, dear - er than all. } Home, home,



sweet, sweet home, There's no place like home, Oh, there's no place like home.

HUNTINGTOWER; OR "WHEN YE GANG AWA, JAMIE."

Andantino.
Piano. p dolce.

1. JEANIE. When ye gang a - wa, Ja - mie, Far a - cross the sea, laddie,
 2. JAMIE. I'll send ye a braw new gown, Jea - nie, The braw - est in the town, las - sie, And
 3. JEANIE. That's nae gift a - va, Ja - mie, Silk and gowd and a', laddie, There's
 4. JAMIE. When I come back a - gain, Jea - nie, Frae a for - eign land, lassie, I'll

p *cres.*

When ye gang to Ger - ma - nie, What will ye send to me, lad - die?
 it shall be o' silk and gowd, Wi' Val - en - ciennes set round, las - sie.
 ne'er a gown in a' the land I'd like when ye're a - va, lad - die.
 bring wi' me a gal - lant gay, To be your ain gude - man, las - sie.

p

dolce.

JEANIE. Be my gudeman yoursel', Jamie,
 Marry me yoursel', laddie,
 And tak' me ower to Germanie,
 Wi' you at hame to dwell, laddie.

JAMIE. I dinna ken how that wad do, Jeanie,
 I dinna see how that can be, lassie,
 For I've a wife and bairnies three,
 And I'm no sure how ye'd agree, lassie.

JEANIE. Ye should hae telt me that in time, Jamie,
 Ye should hae telt me that langsyne, laddie,
 For had I kent o' your fause heart,
 Ye ne'er had gotten mine, laddie.

JAMIE. Your een were like a spell, Jeanie,
 Mair sweet than I could tell, lassie,
 That ilka day bewitch'd me sae,
 I couldna help mysel', lassie.

JEANIE. Gae back to your wife and hame, Jamie,
 Gae back to your bairnies three, laddie,
 And I will pray they ne'er may thole
 A braken heart like me, laddie.

JAMIE. Dry that tearfu' e'e, Jeanie,
 Grieve nae mair for me, lassie,
 I've neither wife nor bairnies three,
 And I'll wed name but thee, lassie.

JEANIE. Think weel, for fear you rue, Jamie,
 Ye'll no get ane mair true, laddie;
 But I have neither gowd nor lands,
 To be a match for you, laddie.

JAMIE. Blair in Athol's mine, lassie,
 Fair Dunkeld is mine, lassie.
 Saint Johnston's bower, and Huntingtower,
 And a' that's mine is thine, lassie.

JUANITA

Andante.

mf SOPRANO AND ALTO.

1. Soft o'er the foun-tain, Ling'ring falls the south-ern moon; Far o'er the moun-tain,
2. When in thy dream-ing, Moonslike these shall shine a - gain, And day-light beam ing

mf TENOR AND BASS.

Breaks the day too soon! In thy dark eye's splen-dor, Where the warm light loves to dwell
Prove thy dreams are vain, Wilt thou not, re-lent-ing, For thine ab-sent lov-er sigh

p slower.

mf

Wea-ry looks, yet ten-der, Speak their fond fare-well! Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta!
In thy heart con-sent-ing To a pray'r gone by? Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta!

mf

p tenderly, rit.

Ask thy soul if we should part! Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta! Lean thou on my heart.
Let me lin-ger by thy side! Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta! Be my own fair bride!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

JOCK O' HAZELDEAN.

Andante moderato.

1. Why weep ye by the
2. Now let this wil - fu'
3. A chain o' gold ye
4. The kirk was deck'd at

PIANO.

dolce.

tide, lady? Why weep ye by the tide? I'll wed ye to my youngest son, And ye shall be his
 grief be done, And dry that cheek so pale, Young Frank is chief of Er-ring-ton, And lord of Lang-ley-
 shall not lack, Nor braid to bind your hair, Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk, Nor palfrey fresh and
 morning tide, The taper glimmer'd fair, The priest and bridegroom wait the bride, And dame and knight are

bride. And ye shall be his bride, la - dye, Sae comely to he seen—But aye she loot the
 dale. His step is first in peace-ful la', His sword in bat - tie keen—But aye she loot the
 fair; And you, the foremost o' them a', Shall ride our for-est queen—But aye she loot the
 there. They sought her baith by hower and hz', The la - dy was not seen; She's o'er the bor - der,

cresc.

tears down fa', For Jock o' Ha-zel-dean.
 tears down fa', For Jock o' Ha-zel-dean.
 tears down fa', For Jock o' Ha-zel-dean.
 and a - wa' Wi' Jock o' Ha-zel-dean.

sf

dolce.

KILLARNEY.

BALFE.

Con moto.

1. By Kil-lar-ney's lakes and fells, Em - 'rald isles, and wind-ing bays, Moun-tain paths and
2. In mis-fal - len's ru - in'd shrine May sug-gest a pass-ing sigh, But man's faith can
3. No place else can charm the eye With such bright and va - ried tints; Ev - 'ry rock that
4. Mu - sic there for Ech - o dwells, Makes each sound a har - mo - ny; Man - y-voiced the

woodland dells, Mem - 'ry ev - er fond - ly strays; Bounteous na-ture loves all lands;
ne'er de - cline, Such God's won - ders float - ing by; Cas - tle Lough and Gle - na bay
you pass by, Ver - dure broi - ders or be-springs; Vir - gin there the green grass grows,
cho - rus swells, Till it faints in ees - ta - cy; With the charmful tints be - low,

rall.

Beau - ty wan - ders ev - 'ry-where; Foot-prints leaves on ma - ny strands; But her home is...
Mountains Tore and Ea - gles nest; Still at Mu-cross you must pray, Tho' the monks are...
Ev - 'ry morn springs na - tal day; Bright-hued ber-ries daff the snows, Snail-ing win - ter's...
Seems the Heav'n a - bove to vie; All rich col - ors that we know, Tinge the cloud-wreaths

a tempo.

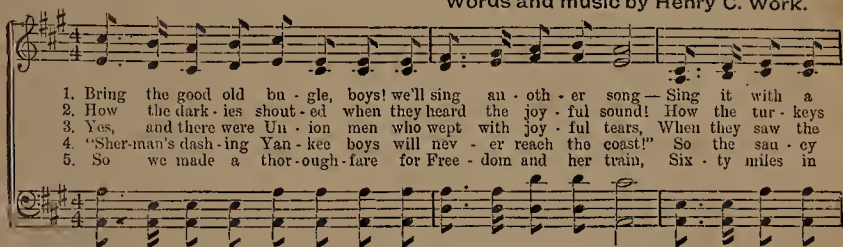
sure - ly there! An - gels fold their wings and rest In that E - den of the west,
now at rest. An - gels won - der not that man There would fain pro-long life's span,
frown a - way. An - gels oft - en paus-ing there, Doubt if E - den were more fair,
in that sky. Wings of an - gels so might shine, Glanc-ing back soft light di - vine,

cres.

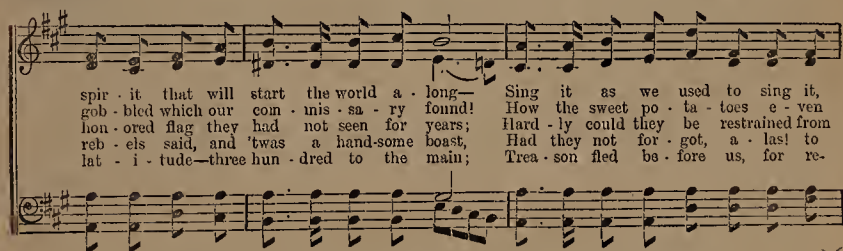
Beau - ty's home, Kil - lar - ney, Ev - er fair Kil lar - ney

MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.

Words and music by Henry C. Work.

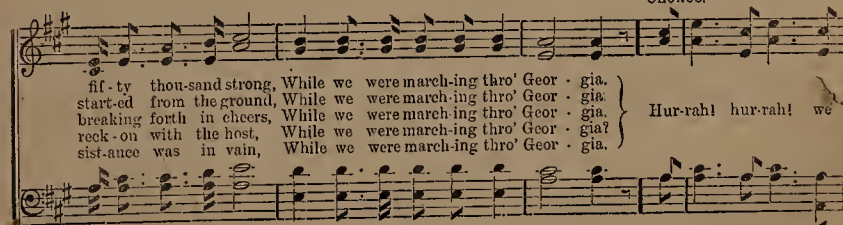


1. Bring the good old ba - gle, boys! we'll sing an - oth - er song — Sing it with a
 2. How the dark - ies shout - ed when they heard the joy - ful sound! How the tur - keys
 3. Yes, and there were Un - ion men who wept with joy - ful tears, When they saw the
 4. "Sher-man's dash - ing Yan - kee boys will nev - er reach the coast!" So the sau - cy
 5. So we made a thor - ough - fare for Free - dom and her train, Six - ty miles in



spir - it that will start the world a - long — Sing it as we used to sing it,
 gob - bled which our con - mis - sa - ry found! How the sweet po - ta - toes o - ven
 hon - ored flag they had not seen for years; Hard - ly could they be restrained from
 reb - els said, and 'twas a hand - some boast, Had they not for - got, a - last to
 lat - i - tude — three hun - dred to the main; Trea - son fled be - fore us, for re -

CHORUS.

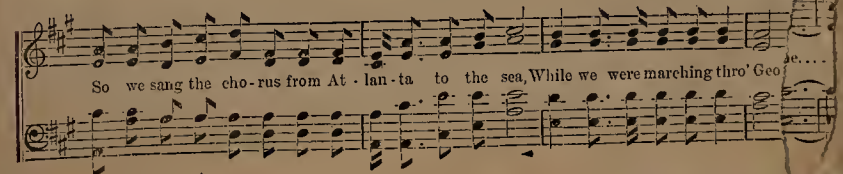


fif - ty thou - sand strong, While we were march - ing thro' Geor - gia.
 start - ed from the ground, While we were march - ing thro' Geor - gia.
 break - ing forth in cheers, While we were march - ing thro' Geor - gia.
 reck - on with the host, While we were march - ing thro' Geor - gia?
 sis - tance was in vain, While we were march - ing thro' Geor - gia.

Hur - rah! hur - rah! we



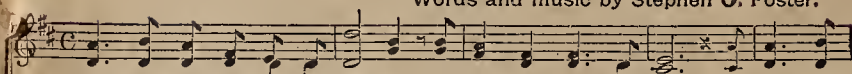
bring the ju - bi - lee! Hur - rah! hur - rah! the flag that makes you free!



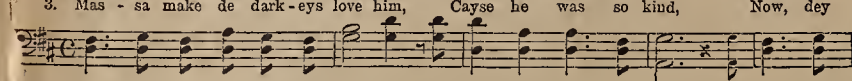

So we sang the cho - rus from At - lan - ta to the sea, While we were march - ing thro' Geo...

MASSA'S IN DE COLD GROUND.

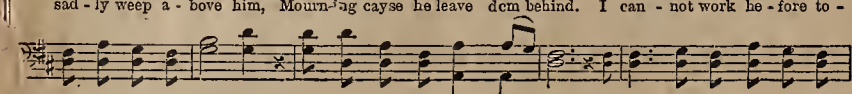
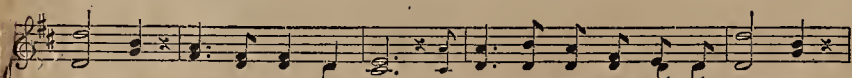
Words and music by Stephen O. Foster.



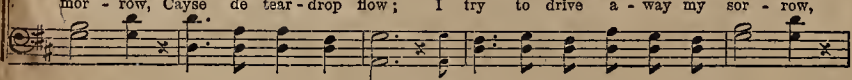
1. Round de mea-dows am a - ring - ing De dark - ey's mourn - ful song, While de
 2. When de au - tunnleaves were fall - ing, When de days were cold, 'Twas hard to
 3. Mas - sa make de dark - eys love him, Cayse he was so kind, Now, dey

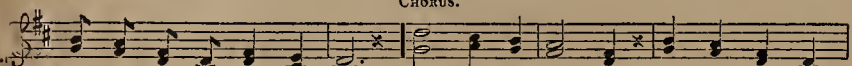
mock - ing bird an sing - ing, Hap - py as de day am long. Where de i - vy am a -
 hear old mas - sa call - ing, Cayse he was so weak and old. Now de or - ange trees am
 sad - ly weep a - bove him, Mourn - ag cayse he leave dem behind. I can - not work he - fore to -

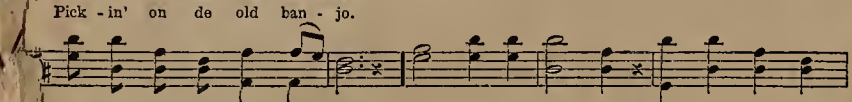
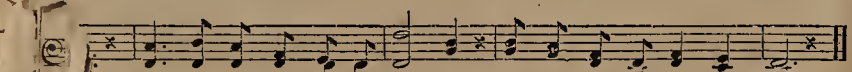
creep - ing, O'er de grass - y mound, Dare old mas - sa am a - sleep - ing,
 bloom - ing, On de sand - y shore, Now de sum - mer days am com - ing,
 mor - row, Cayse de tear - drop flow; I try to drive a - way my sor - row,



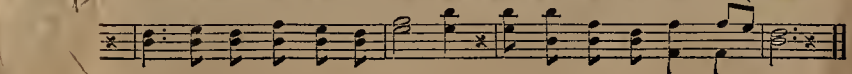
CHORUS.



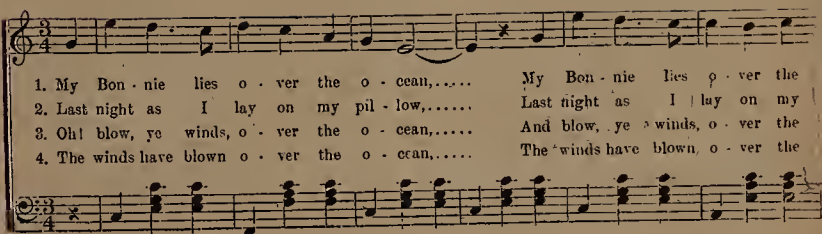
Sleep - ing in de cold, cold ground. Down in de corn - field Hear dat mourn - ful
 Mas - sa neb - ter calls no more.
 Pick - in' on de old ban - jo.

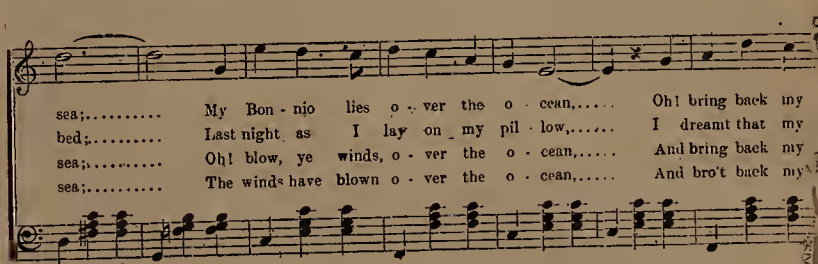
!; All de dark - eys am a - weep - ing, Mas - sa's in de cold, cold ground.



MY BONNIE.

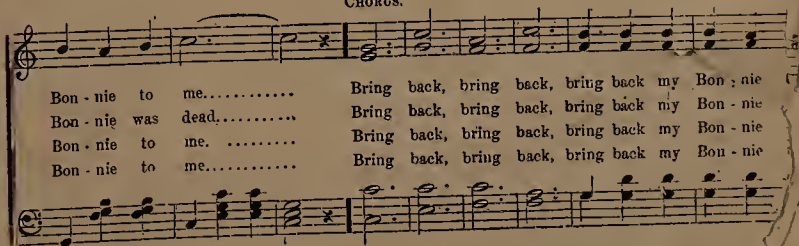


1. My Bon - nie lies o - ver the o - cean,.... My Bon - nie lies o - ver the
 2. Last night as I lay on my pil - low,.... Last night as I lay on my
 3. Oh! blow, ye winds, o - ver the o - cean,.... And blow, ye winds, o - ver the
 4. The winds have blown o - ver the o - cean,.... The winds have blown, o - ver the

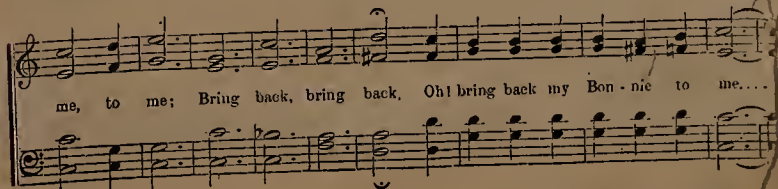


sea;..... My Bon - nie lies o - ver the o - cean,.... Oh! bring back my
 bed;..... Last night as I lay on my pil - low,.... I dreamt that my
 sea;..... Oh! blow, ye winds, o - ver the o - cean,.... And bring back my
 sea;..... The winds have blown o - ver the o - cean,.... And bro't back my

CHORUS.



Bon - nie to me..... Bring back, bring back, bring back my Bon - nie
 Bon - nie was dead..... Bring back, bring back, bring back my Bon - nie
 Bon - nie to me..... Bring back, bring back, bring back my Bon - nie
 Bon - nie to me..... Bring back, bring back, bring back my Bon - nie



me, to me; Bring back, bring back, Oh! bring back my Bon - nie to me...

OLD BLACK JOE.

Poco adagio

Words and Music by STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay. Gone are my friends from the
2. Why should I weep when my heart should feel no pain? Why do I sigh that my
3. Where are the hearts once so hap - py and so free? The chil - dren so dear that I

oot - ton fields a - way. Gone from the earth to a bet - ter land I know I
 friends come not a - gain. Grief - ing for forms now de - part - ed long a - go? I
 held up - on my knee. Gone to the shore where my soul has long'd to go. I

hear their gen - tle voi - ces call - ing "Old Black Joe" *Chorus*

Sleep
 Mas
 Picl
 I'm com - ing I'm com - ing For my

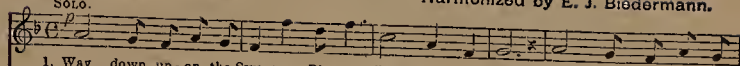
head is bend - ing low; I hear their gen - tle voi - ces call - ing "Old Black Joe."

OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

Melody by S. C. Foster.

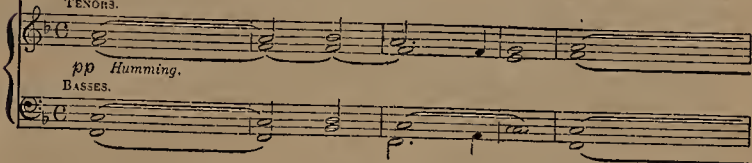
Harmonized by E. J. Biedermann.

Solo.

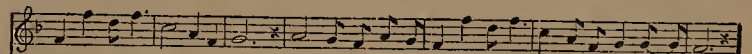
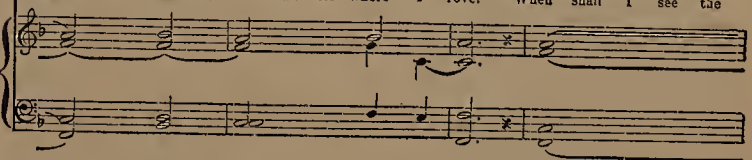


1. Way down up-on the Swa-nee Riv-er, Far, far a-way, There's where my heart is
2. One lit-tle hut a-mong the bush-es, One that I love, Still sad-ly to my

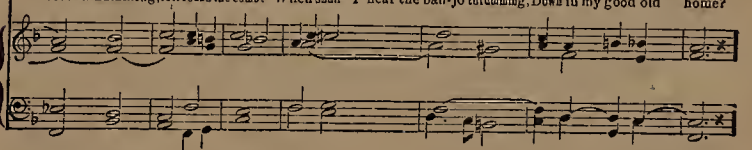
CHORUS
TENORS.



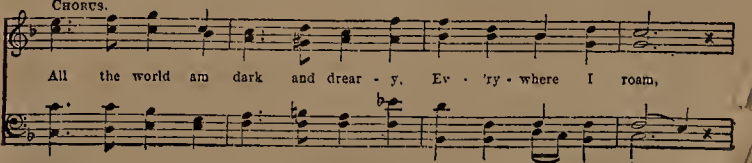
turn-ing ev-er, There's where the old folks stay; All up and down the
mem-ory rush-es, No mat-ter where I rove. When shall I see the



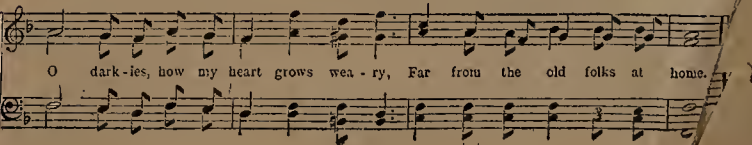
whole cre-a-tion, Sad-ly I roam, Still long-ing for the old plan-ta-tion, And for the old folks at home,
bees a-humming, All round the comb? When shall I hear the ban-jo thrumming, Down in my good old home?



CHORUS.



All the world am dark and drear-y. Ev-ry-where I roam,



O dark-ies, how my heart grows wea-ry, Far from the old folks at home.

Written by Robert Todd. **O CANADA!** Melody by C LAVALLEE.

SOLO, MIXED VOICES or UNISON

1. O Can - A - da Our Home-land strong and free ;
2. O Can - a - da Blest with the wealth of Kings.

Fair are thy lands that spread from sea to sea . Thy
From land to land thy fame e - ter - nal rings. Fear

might-y moun tains soar, dear 'land close to the smi - ling skies. Thy
less and bold thy braw - ny sons, will guard thee night and day, Our

child - ren sing with one ac - cord, O Can - a - da , a - rise.
glor - ious land will nev - er bow to an - y ty - rant's sway.

CHORUS. *ad lib.*

O Can - a - da Dear Can - a - da,
O Can - a - da Dear Can - a - da.

Fair are thy lands that spread from sea to sea.
Fair are thy lands that spread from sea to sea.

ff rit.
And with our lives we'll guard thy lib er - ty
And with our lives we'll guard thy lib er - ty

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada in the year 1909 by A. Cox & Co. at the Department of Agriculture Ottawa.

ROBIN ADAIR.

BURNS.

Irish and Scotch form of Melody.

Andante.
PIANO. *espressivo.*

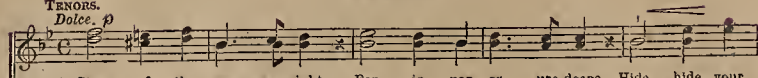
1. What's this dull town to me? Ro-bin's not near.
2. What made th'as-sem-bly shine? Ro-bin A-dair.
3. But now thou'rt cold to me, Ro-bin A-dair.

What was't I wish'd to see, What wish'd to hear? Where all the joy and mirth
What made the ball so fine? Ro-bin was there. What when the play was o'er,
But now thou'rt cold to me, Ro-bin A-dair. Yet he I lov'd so well

Made this town heav'n on earth? Oh, they're all fled with thee, Ro-bin A-dair.
What made my heart so sore? Oh, it was part-ing with Ro-bin A-dair.
Still in my heart shall dwell, Oh; I can ne'er for-get Ro-bin A-dair.

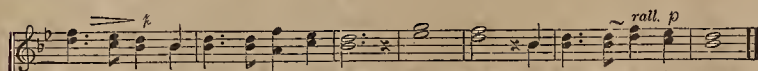
STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT. SERENADE.

TENORS.
Dolce. p



1. Stars of the sum - mer night, Far in yon az - ure deeps, Hide, bide your
2. Moon of the sum - mer night, Far down yon west - ern steep, Sink, sink in

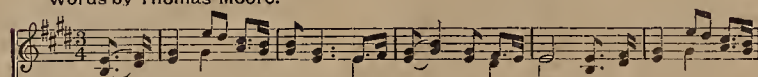
BASSES.




gold - en light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps; She sleeps, she sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.
sil - ver light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps; She sleeps, she sleeps, my la - dy sleeps

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

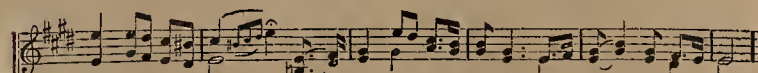
Words by Thomas Moore.



1. 'Tis the last rose of sum - mer, Left bloom - ing a - lone; All her love - ly com -
2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To pine on the stem, Since the love - ly are
3. So soon may I fol - low, When friend - ships de - cay, And from love's shin - ing



pan - ions Are fad - ed and gone; No flow - er of her kin - dred, No
sleep - ing, Go sleep thou with them; Thus kind - ly I scat - ter Thy
cir - cle The gems drop a - way; When true hearts lie with - ered, And



rose - bud is nigh, To re - flect back her blush - es, Or give sigh for sigh,
leaves o'er the bed, Where thy mates of the gar - den Lie scent - less and dead,
fond ones are flown, O, who would in - hab - it This bleak - world a - lone.

SCOTS, WHA HAE W' WALLACE BLED

BURNS.

Andante moderato.

piano. *mf* *f* *dim.*

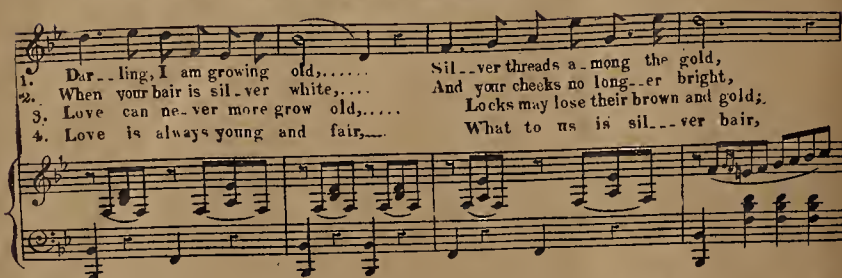
1. Scots, wha hae wi' Wal-lace bled, Scots, wham Bruce has af-ten led, Wel-come to your
2. Wha would be a trai-tor knave? Wha would fill a cow-ard's grave? Wha sae base as
3. By op-pres-sion's woes an' pains, By your sons in ser-vile chains, We will drain our

p *mf*

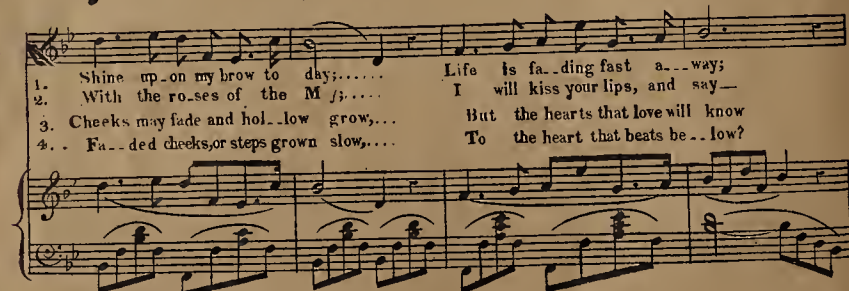
go-ry bed, Or to vic-to-rie! Now's the day an' now's the hour.
be a slave? Let him turn and flee! Wha, for Scot-land's king an' law,
dear-est veins, But they shall be free. Lay the proud u-surp-ers low!

See the front of bat-tle hour; See approach proud Edward's pow'r. Chairs and sla-ve-rie!
Freedom's sword would strongly draw, Free-man stand, and free-man fa', Let him on wi' me!
Ty-rant-fall in ev-ery foe! Lib-er-ty's in ev-ery blow! Let us do or dee!

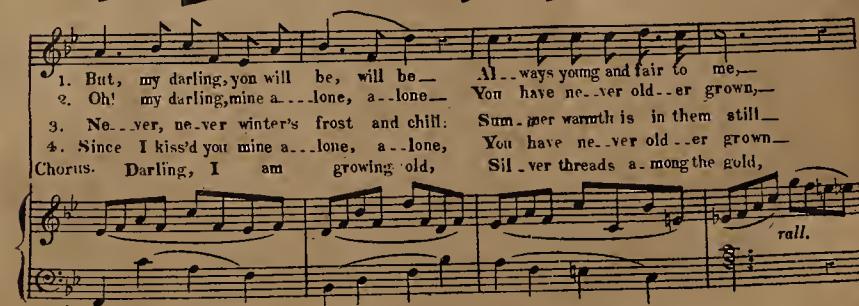
SILVER THREADS AMONG THE GOLD.



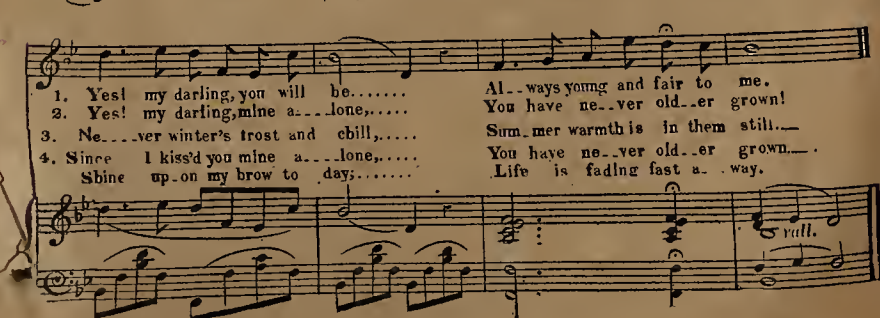
1. Dar...ling, I am growing old,..... Sil...ver threads a-mong the gold,
 2. When your hair is sil-ver white,.... And your cheeks no long-er bright,
 3. Love can ne-ver more grow old,..... Locks may lose their brown and gold;
 4. Love is always young and fair,.... What to us is sil-ver hair,



1. Shine up on my brow to day;..... Life is fa-ding fast a-way;
 2. With the ro-ses of the M / 3;.... I will kiss your lips, and say—
 3. Cheeks may fade and hol-low grow,.... But the hearts that love will know
 4. Fa-ded cheeks, or steps grown slow,.... To the heart that beats be-low?



1. But, my darling, you will be, will be— Al-ways young and fair to me,—
 2. Oh! my darling, mine a-lone, a-lone— You have ne-ver old-er grown,—
 3. Ne-ver, ne-ver winter's frost and chill: Sum-mer warmth is in them still—
 4. Since I kiss'd you mine a-lone, a-lone, You have ne-ver old-er grown—
 Chorus. Darling, I am growing old, Sil-ver threads a-mong the gold,
 rall.



1. Yes! my darling, you will be..... Al-ways young and fair to me.
 2. Yes! my darling, mine a-lone,.... You have ne-ver old-er grown!
 3. Ne-ver winter's trost and chill,.... Sum-mer warmth is in them still—
 4. Since I kiss'd you mine a-lone,.... You have ne-ver old-er grown—
 Shine up on my brow to day;..... Life is fading fast a-way.
 rall.

SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

Andante.

Music by Johanna Kinkle.

1ST AND 2D TENOR.

1. How can I bear to leave thee? One part - ing kiss I give thee; And
 2. No'er more may I be - hold thee, Or to this heart en - fold thee; With
 3. I think of thee with long - ing, Think thou, when tears are throng - ing, That

1ST AND 2D BASS.

cres. *p*

then what-e'er be - falls me, I go where hon - or calls me. Fare -
 spear and pen - non glo - ing, I see the foe ad - vanc - ing. Fare -
 with my last faint sigh - ing, I'll whis - per soft, while dy - ing; Fare -

cres. *p*

Tranquillo e molto espress. *ff* *pp* *rit.*

well, fare - well, my own true love; Fare - well, fare - well, my own true love.

(85)

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.

Words by Thomas Moore.

Music by Molly Astore.

Andante. 1st verse pp, 2d verse ff.

1. The harp that once thro' Ta - ra's halls The soul of mu - sic shed, Now hangs as mute on
 2. No more to chiefs and la - dies bright The harp of Ta - ra swells; The chord, a - lone, that

Ta - ra's walls As if that soul were fled: ... So sleeps the pride of for - mer days, So
 breaks at night, its tale of ru - in tells: ... Thus Free - dom now so sel - dom wakes, Tho

p

glo - ry's thrill is o'er ... And hearts that once beat high for praise, Now feel that praise no more.
 on - ly thro' she gives ... Is when some heart indignant breaks, To show that still she lives.

STAR OF THE EAST.

(MELODY, STAR OF THE SEA.)

Words by George Cooper.

Music by A. Kennedy

PIANO.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords in a 3/4 time signature, while the left hand plays a simple bass line. The chords are marked with 'Ped.' and an asterisk, indicating a pedaling effect.

Andante.

The first system of the song features a vocal melody on a single staff and piano accompaniment on two staves. The melody is in a 3/4 time signature and is marked with a 'C' for Cantabile. The lyrics are:

1. Star of the East. Oh Beth-le-hem's star. Guid-ing us on to Heav-en a-far!

2. Star of the East. un-dim'd by each cloud, What tho'the storms of grief gath-er loud?

The piano accompaniment continues with the same chordal pattern as the introduction, marked with 'Ped.' and an asterisk.

The second system of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are:

Sor-row and grief are lull'd by thy light, Thou hope of each mor-tal, in death's lone-ly night!

Faith-ful and pure thy rays beam to save. Still bright o'er the cra-dle, and bright o'er the grave!

The piano accompaniment remains consistent, marked with 'Ped.' and an asterisk.

The third system of the song concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are:

Fear-less and tran-quil, we look up to thee! Know-ing thou beam'st thro'e - ter - ni - ty!

Smiles of a Sav-iour are mir-ror'd in thee! Glimp-ses of Heav'n in thy light - we see!

The piano accompaniment continues with the same chordal pattern, marked with 'Ped.' and an asterisk.

Help us to fol-low where thou still dost guide, Pil-grims of earth so wide.
Guide us still on-ward, to that bless-ed shore, Af-ter earth's toil is o'er!

Red. * Red. * Red. *

Star of the East, thou hope of the soul, While round us here the dark bil-lows roll,

Lead us from sin to glo-ry a-far, Thou star of the East, thou sweet Beth-le-em's star.

Solo or Duet.
Oh star that leads to God a-bove! Whose rays are Peace and Joy and Love! Watch
dolce

o'er us still till life hath ceased, Beam on, bright star, sweet Beth-le-hem star!

Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. *

SWEET AND LOW.

Alfred Tennyson.

J. Barnby.

Larghetto.

SOPRANO AND ALTO.

1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea; . Low, low,
2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; . Rest, rest on

TEROR AND BASS.

breath and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea; . O - - ver the roll - ing
moth - er's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; . Fa - - ther will come to his

O - ver the roll - ing
Fa - ther will come to his

wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing moon and blow, blow,
babe in the nest, Sil - - ver sails all out of the west, west,

wa - ters go, Come . . from the moon and blow, Blow him a - gain to
come to his babe, Sil - ver sails out of the west, Un - der the sil - ver
wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing moon . . and blow,
babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all out of the west, west,

wa - ters go, Come . . from the moon and blow,
babe in the nest, Sil - - ver sails out of the west,

me, While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one sleeps.
moon: Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep, my pret - ty one, sleep.

me, While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one sleeps.
moon: Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep, my pret - ty one, sleep.

THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

LADY NAIRNE.

Adagio.

PIANO. *p*

1. I'm wear-in' a - wa', Jean, Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, Jean, I'm wear-in' a - wa' To the
 2. Ye aye woreal and true, Jean, Your task's end-ed noo, Jean, And I'll wel-come you To the
 3. Then dry that tear-fu' e'e, Jean, My soul lings to be free, Jean, And angels wait on me To the

pp *legato.*

mf

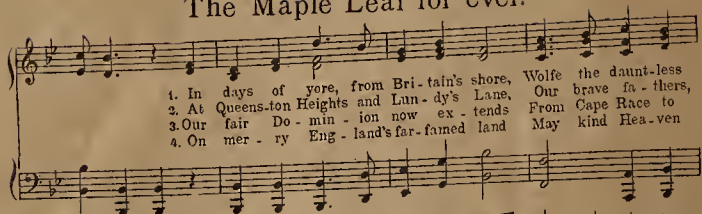
land o' the leal. There's nae sor-row there, Jean, There's neither could nor care, Jean, The
 land o' the leal. Our bon-nie bairn's there, Jean, She was baith gude and fair, Jean,
 land o' the leal. Now fare ye weel, my ain Jean, This world's care is vain, Jean, We'll

mf *p*

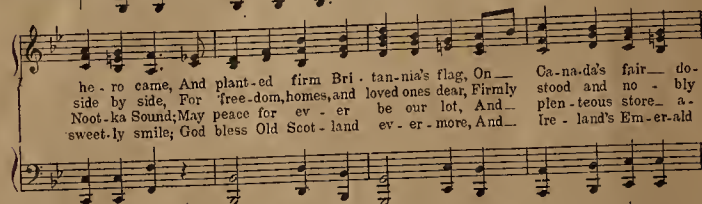
ay is aye fair In the land o' the leal.
 And we grudg'd her sair To the land o' the leal.
 meet and aye be fain In the land o' the leal.

mf *dim.*

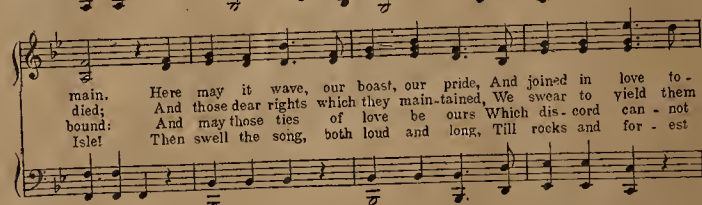
The Maple Leaf for ever.



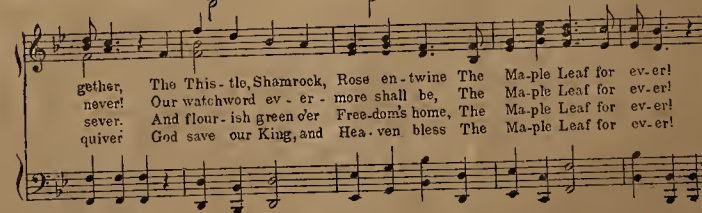
1. In days of yore, from Bri-tain's shore, Wolfe the daunt-less
 2. At Queens-ton Heights and Lun-dy's Lane, Our brave fa-thers,
 3. Our fair Do-min-ion now ex-tends From Cape Race to
 4. On mer-ry Eng-land's far-famed land May kind Hea-ven



he-ro came, And plant-ed firm Bri-tan-nia's flag, On Ca-na-da's fair do-
 side by side, For free-dom, homes, and loved ones dear, Firmly stood and no-bly
 Noot-ka Sound; May peace for ev-er be our lot, And plen-teous store a-
 sweet-ly smile; God bless Old Scot-land ev-er-more, And Ire-land's Em-er-ald

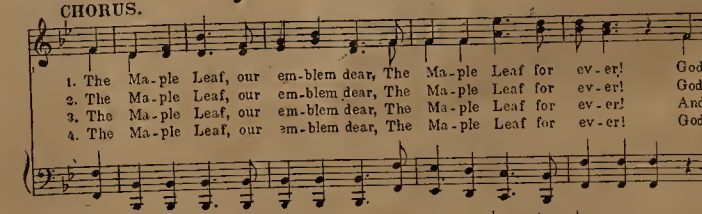


main. Here may it wave, our boast, our pride, And joined in love to-
 died; And those dear rights which they main-tained, We swear to yield them
 bound: And may those ties of love be ours Which dis-cord can-not
 Isle! Then swell the song, both loud and long, Till rocks and for-est



gether, The This-tle, Shamrock, Rose en-twine The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!
 never! Our watchword ev-er-more shall be, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!
 sever. And flour-ish green o'er Free-dom's home, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!
 quiver God save our King, and Hea-ven bless The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!

CHORUS.



1. The Ma-ple Leaf, our em-blem dear, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er! God
 2. The Ma-ple Leaf, our em-blem dear, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er! God
 3. The Ma-ple Leaf, our em-blem dear, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er! And
 4. The Ma-ple Leaf, our em-blem dear, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er! God



save our King, and Hea-ven bless The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!
 save our King, and Hea-ven bless The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!
 flour-ish green o'er Free-dom's home, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!
 save our King, and Hea-ven bless The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

Samuel Woodworth.

1. How dear to this heart are the scenes of my child-hood, When fond rec-ol-
The or- chard, the mead- ow the deep tan- gled wild- wood, And ev- 'ry loved

lec- tion pre- sents them to view! { The wide-spread- ing pond, and the mill that stood
spot which my in- fan- cy knew; } The cot of my fa- ther, the dai- ry- house

by it, The bridge and the rock where the cat- a- ract fell; } The old oak- en
nigh it. And e'en the rude buck- et that hung in the well.

buck- et, the i- ron-bound buck- et, The moss- cov- ered buck- et that hung in the well.

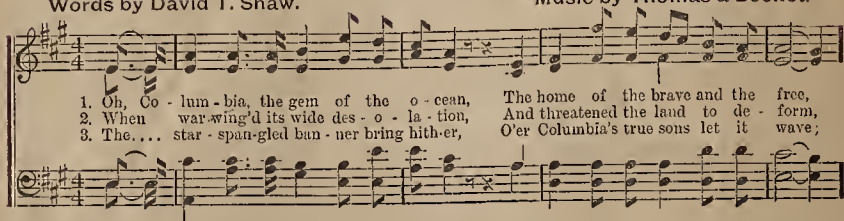
2 The moss-covered bucket I hailed as a treasure,
For often at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell,
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well.
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

3 How sweet from the green, mossy brim to receive it,
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
Not a full-blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Tho' filled with the nectar that Jupiter sip
And now, far removed from the loved habitation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation
And sighs for the bucket that hung in the well.
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the well.

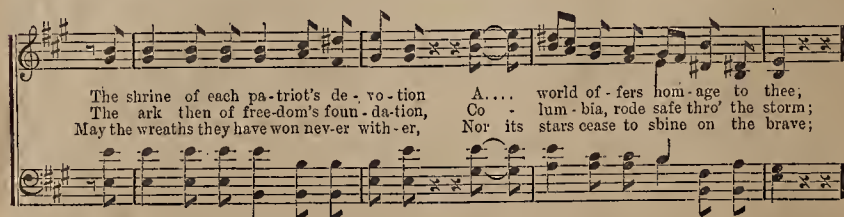
THE RED, WHITE, AND BLUE.

Words by David T. Shaw.

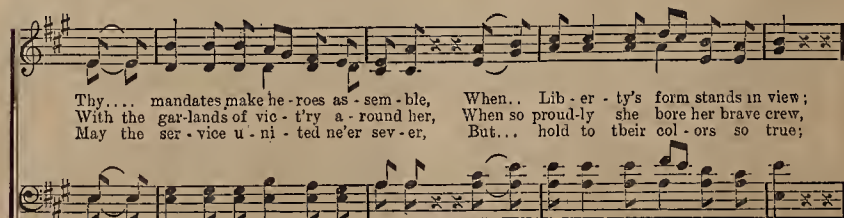
Music by Thomas à Becket.



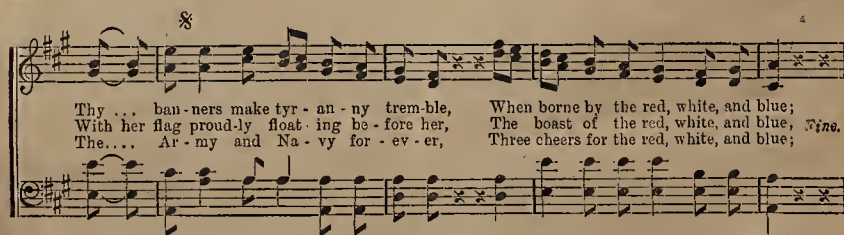
1. Oh, Co - lum - bia, the gem of the o - cean, The home of the brave and the free,
2. When war - wing'd its wide des - o - la - tion, And threatened the land to de - form,
3. The... star - span - gled ban - ner bring hith - er, O'er Columbia's true sons let it wave;



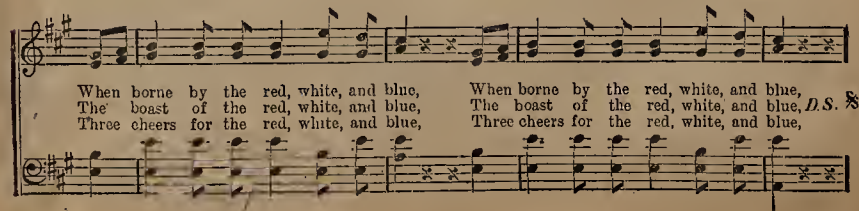
The shrine of each pa - triot's de - vo - tion A... world of - fers hom - age to thee;
The ark then of free - dom's foun - da - tion, Co - lum - bia, rode safe thro' the storm;
May the wreaths they have won nev - er with - er, Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave;



Thy... mandates make he - roes as - sem - ble, When... Lib - er - ty's form stands in view;
With the gar - lands of vic - t'ry a - round her, When so proud - ly she bore her brave crew,
May the ser - vice u - ni - ted nev - er sev - er, But... hold to their col - ors so true;



Thy... ban - ners make tyr - an - ny trem - ble, When borne by the red, white, and blue;
With her flag proud - ly float - ing be - fore her, The boast of the red, white, and blue, *Viva.*
The... Ar - my and Na - vy for - ev - er, Three cheers for the red, white, and blue;

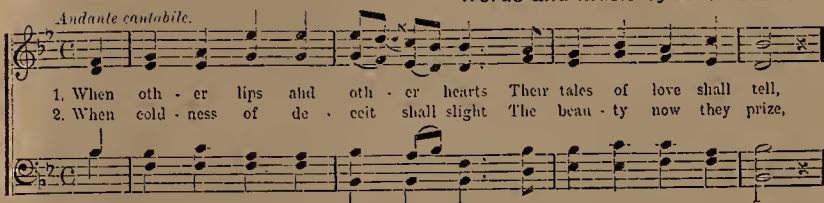


When borne by the red, white, and blue, When borne by the red, white, and blue,
The boast of the red, white, and blue, The boast of the red, white, and blue, *D.S.* §
Three cheers for the red, white, and blue, Three cheers for the red, white, and blue,

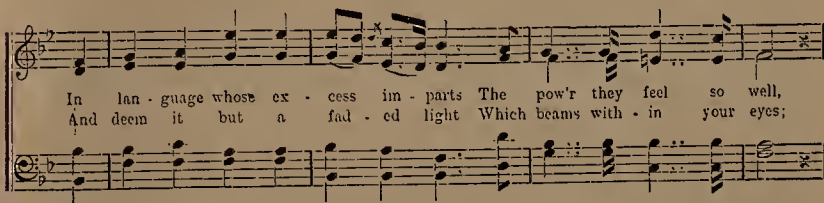
THEN YOU'LL REMEMBER ME.

Words and music by M. W. Balfe.

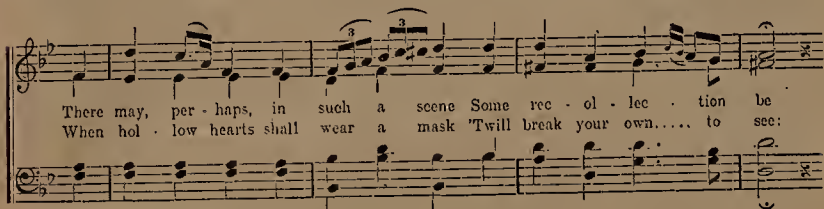
Andante cantabile.



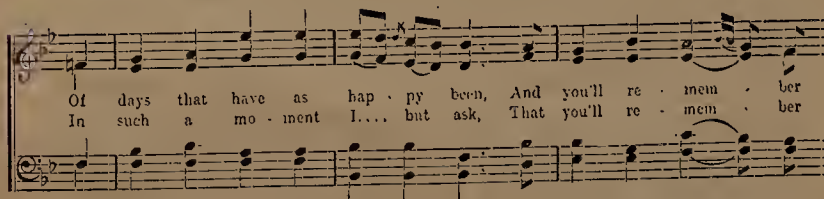
1. When oth - er lips and oth - er hearts Their tales of love shall tell,
2. When cold - ness of de - ceit shall slight The beau - ty now they prize,



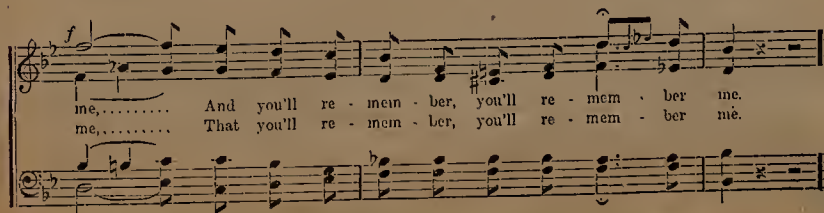
In lan - guage whose ex - cess in - parts The pow'r they feel so well,
And deem it but a sad - ed light Which beams with - in your eyes;



There may, per - haps, in such a scene Some rec - ol - lec - tion be
When hol - low hearts shall wear a mask 'Twill break your own.... to see:



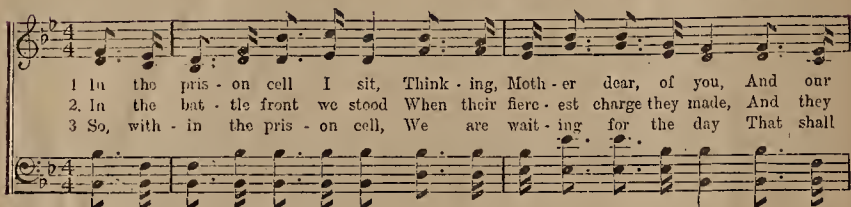
Of days that have as hap - py been, And you'll re - mem - ber
In such a mo - ment I.... but ask, That you'll re - mem - ber



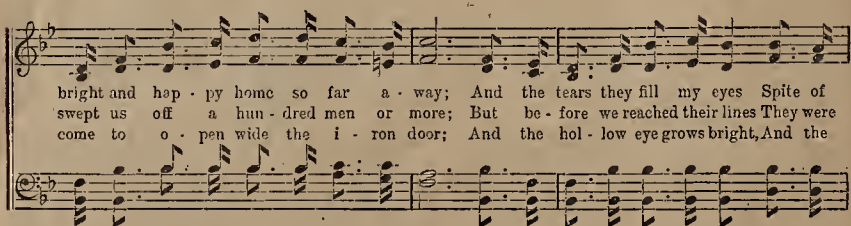
me,..... And you'll re - mem - ber, you'll re - mem - ber me.
me,..... That you'll re - mem - ber, you'll re - mem - ber me.

TRAMP! TRAMP! TRAMP!

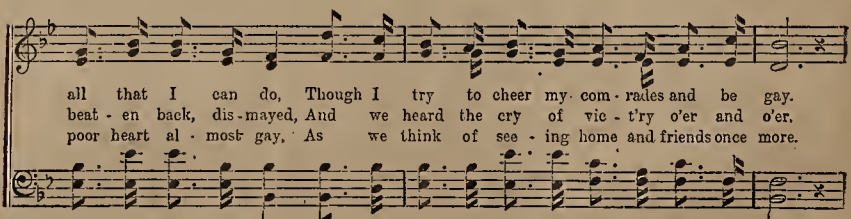
Words and music by Geo. F. Root.



1 In the pris - on cell I sit, Think - ing, Moth - er dear, of you, And our
2 In the bat - tle front we stood When their fier - est charge they made, And they
3 So, with - in the pris - on cell, We are wait - ing for the day That shall

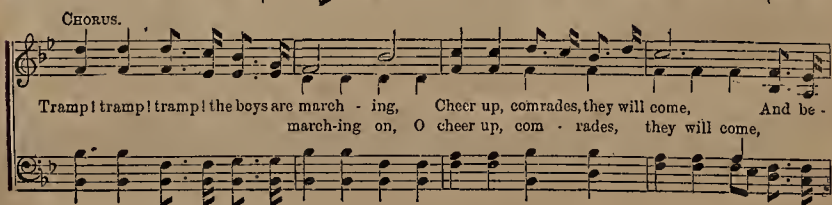


bright and hap - py home so far a - way; And the tears they fill my eyes Spite of
swept us off a hun - dred men or more; But be - fore we reached their lines They were
come to o - pen wide the i - ron door; And the hol - low eye grows bright, And the

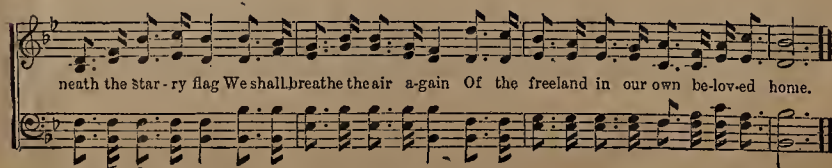


all that I can do, Though I try to cheer my com - rades and be gay.
beat - en back, dis - mayed, And we heard the cry of vic - t'ry o'er and o'er.
poor heart al - most gay, As we think of see - ing home and friends once more.

CHORUS.



Tramp! tramp! tramp! the boys are march - ing, Cheer up, comrades, they will come, And be -
march - ing on, O cheer up, com - rades, they will come,



neath the star - ry flag We shall breathe the air a - gain Of the free land in our own be - loved home.

WHEN THE KYE COME HAME.

JAMES HOGG.
Andante moderato.

PIANO. *mf*

1. Come all ye jol-ly shep-herds that whis-tle thro' the glen, I'll tell ye o' a se-cret that
2. 'Tis not be-neath the bur-go-net, nor yet be-neath the crown, 'Tis not on couch of vel-vet, nor
3. Then the eye shines sae bright-ly the hale soul to lie-quit, There's love in ev-'ry whis-per and
4. See yon-der paw-ky shep-herd that lin-gers on the hill—His yowes are in the fauld, and his
5. A - wa' wi' fame and for-tune—what comfort can they giv'e? And a' the arts that prey up-on man's

cour-tiers din-na ken: What is the great-est bliss that the tongue o' man can name? 'Tis to
yet on bed of down; 'Tis be-neath the spreading birch, in the dell with-out a name, Wi' a
joy in ev-'ry smile; O! wha would choosen crown wi' its per-ils and its fame, And
lambs are ly-ing still; But he dow-na gang to rest, for his heart is in a flame To
life and lib-er-tie! Giv'e me the high-est joy that the heart o' man can frame, My

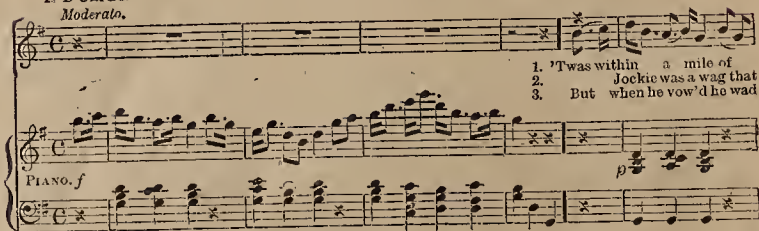
woo a bon-nie las-sie when the kye come hame. When the kye come hame, when the kye come hame, 'Tween the
bon-nie, bon-nie las-sie when the kye come hame. When the kye come hame, etc.
miss a bon-nie las-sie when the kye come hame? When the kye come hame, etc.
weet his bon-nie las-sie when the kye come hame. When the kye come hame, etc.
bon-nie, bon-nie las-sie when the kye come hame. When the kye come hame, etc.

gloom-in' and the mirk, When the kye come hame.

dim.

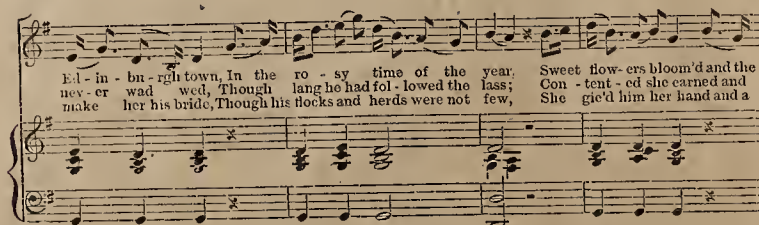
WITHIN A MILE OF EDINBURGH TOWN.

T. D'URFEY.
Moderato.

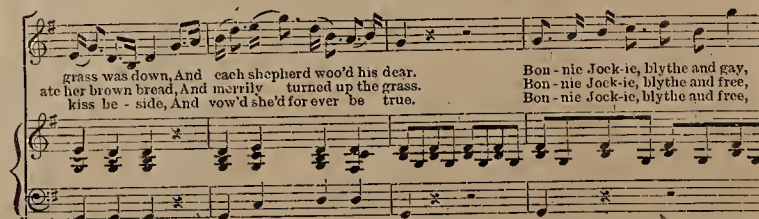


1. 'Twas within a mile of
2. Jockie was a wag that
3. But when he vow'd he wad

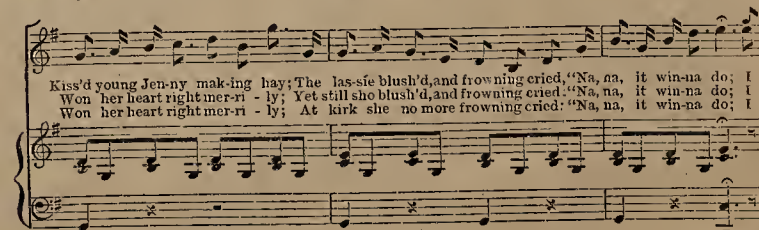
PIANO. *f*



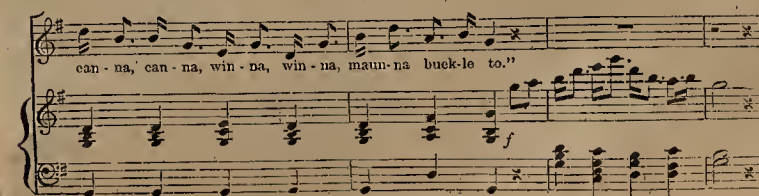
Ed-in-bu-ry town, In the ro-sy time of the year, Sweet flow-ers bloom'd and the
nev-er wad wed, Though lang he had fol-lowed the lass; Con-tent-ed she earned and
make her his bride, Though his flocks and herds were not few, She gie'd him her hand and a



grass was down, And each shepherd woo'd his dear, Bon-nie Jock-ie, blythe and gay,
ate her brown bread, And merrily turned up the grass. Bon-nie Jock-ie, blythe and free,
kiss be-side, And vow'd she'd for ever be true. Bon-nie Jock-ie, blythe and free,

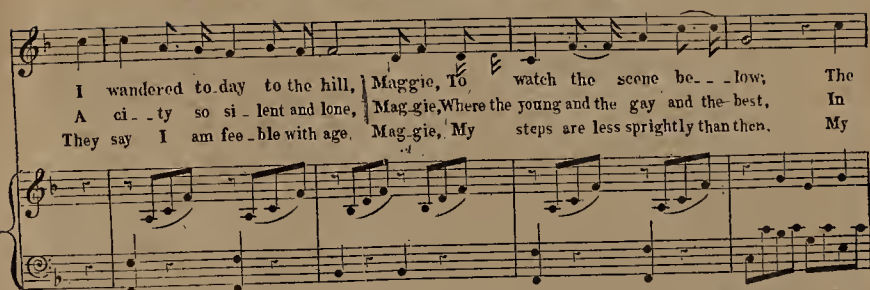


Kiss'd young Jen-ny mak-ing hay; The las-sie blush'd, and frowning cried, 'Na, na, it win-na do; I
Won her heart right mer-ri-ly; Yet still she blush'd, and frowning cried, 'Na, na, it win-na do; I
Won her heart right mer-ri-ly; At kirk she no more frowning cried, 'Na, na, it win-na do; I

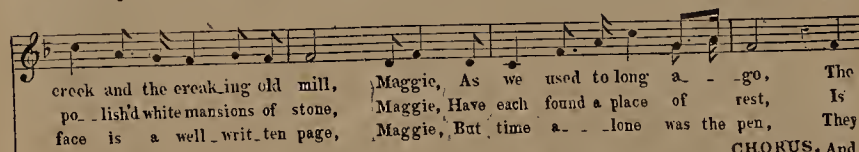


can-na, can-na, win-na, win-na, maun-na buck-le to."

WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG, MAGGIE.

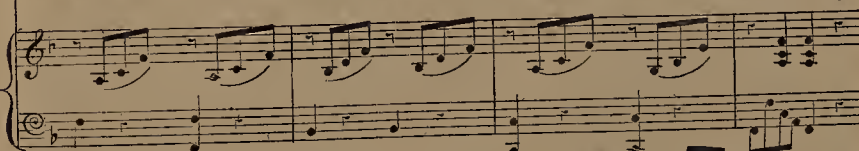
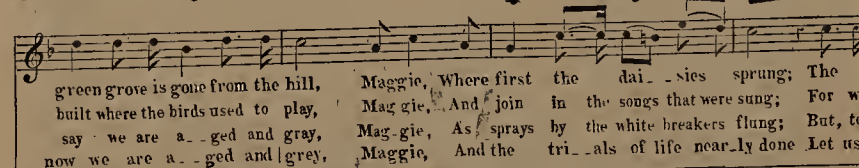


I wandered to day to the hill, Maggie, To watch the scene be - low, The
A ci - ty so si - lent and lone, Maggie, Where the young and the gay and the best, In
They say I am fee - ble with age, Maggie, My steps are less sprightly than then. My

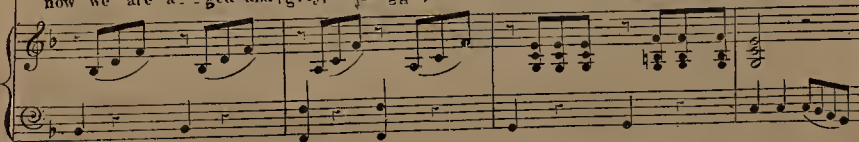
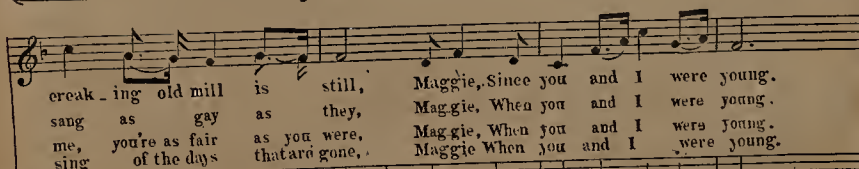


creek and the creak - ing old mill, Maggie, As we used to long a - go, The
po - lish'd white mansions of stone, Maggie, Have each found a place of rest, Is
face is a well - writ - ten page, Maggie, But time a - lone was the pen, They

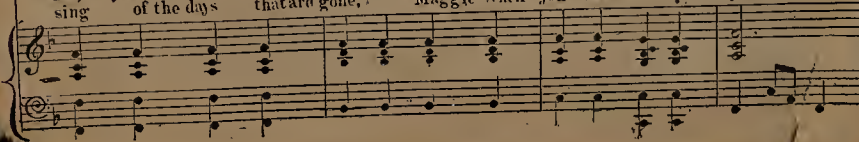
CHORUS. And

green grove is gone from the hill, Maggie, Where first the dai - sies sprung; The
built where the birds used to play, Mag gie, And join in the songs that were sung; For we
say we are a - ged and gray, Mag gie, As sprays by the white breakers flung; But, to
now we are a - ged and grey, Maggie, And the tri - als of life near - ly done Let us

creak - ing old mill is still, Maggie, Since you and I were young.
sang as gay as they, Maggie, When you and I were young.
me, you're as fair as you were, Maggie, When you and I were young.
sing of the days that are gone, Maggie, When you and I were young.



YE BANKS AND BRAES O' BONNY DOON.

BURNS.

Allante cantabile.

1. Ye banks and braes o'
2. Oft hae I rov'd by

PIANO. *mf* *p*

bon - nie Doon, How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair? How can ye chaunt, ye
bon - nie Doon, By morn-ing and by even-ing shine To hear the birds sing

lit - tle birds, And I'm sae wea - ry, fu' o' care? Ye'll break my heart, ye
o' their loves As fond - ly once I sang o' mine. Wi' light - some heart I

war - bling bird, That war - bles on the flow - 'ry thorn, Ye mind me o' de -
stretch'd my hand, And pu'd a rose - bud from the tree; But my fause lov - er

p dolce.

part - ed joys, De - part - ed nev - er to re - turn.
stole the rose, And left the thorn, the thorn wi' me.